Chicago Inter-Ocean, was submitted to my consideration by one of the preprietors of the INTELLIGENCER. I have read it with much interest, and suggest its publication. The verses of Messrs. Story and De Quincy are certainly original, and, as such, worthy of our conside ration. I have long ago discarded the popular idea that Judas Iscariot was the vilest of the vile and blackest and basest of men. That he was an unregenerate man, I freely admit; that he was lost in perdition, I have no doubt; but that he coolly and hellishly and calculatingly sold his Lord, wishing and knowing that that Lord should go to the cross and die as a slave, I do not believe. With some modifications, the theory set forth in the following poem may be the true one.

Most likely Judas was covetous, and
didn't object to the "twenty pieces of silver." Herein I disagree with the theory below, but I think Judas was misled, as were the other eleven, with the idea of the temporal nature of the Messiah's Kingdom. He wanted to see the Nazarene mount the throne of Judah, liberate the descendants of Abraham, drive away the Romans and establish an Universal Kingdom on the throne of his "father, David." He was impatient that his Master was so slow in assuming the rule. He believed in his Messiahship and Divinity, felt that the sword of conquest once drawn would not be put up 'tili Jesus had "made his foes his footstool." To hasten on this time of deliverance, Judas determined to bring about a collision between Jesus and the Romans, knowing, as he thought, that his Master would be victor, and that he. Judas, with the other Disciples, would get positions as generals and ministers and cabinet officers in the new govern-

The Scriptures say he was a thief, I know; they call him a demon, I know; but others were possessed of demons and were cured, and others who had stolen was this the man whose face an hour ago ceased to be dishonest and "stole no ceased to be dishonest and "stole no Shone with a joy so strange? What mea more." When Judas, amazed, saw that his Master who pessessed all states a sudden madness? "Speak!" his Master, who possessed all power in Heaven and earth, did not exercise that power for his defense, but calmly submitted to his captors, he flew to the rulers and cust down the money and said, "I have be-trayed the innocent blood." He saw, appalled, his great mistake, and tried, vain-ly tried, to correct it. Failing in that, in utter black despair, he hurried himself out of existence, and thus lost his soul. Had Judas repented "towards God," and gone to Jesus and confessed his sin, I believe mercy would have been shown him as to other sinners. The great sin of the man was (1) failure to improve great and distinguished privileges, (2) presuming to accomplish seemingly good ends by unlawful means. But I will not add further words to this introduction. but commend the poem and its thought

WM. HENRY STRICKLAND. Public attention is again called to W. W. Story's poem "Judas Iscariot," first published in 1870, and to the De Quinpublished in 1870, and to the De Quincey theory of the moties which influenced Judas in betraying the Lord. Several papers have re-published the poem as it was printed in Rlackwood's Magazine, and recently reference has been made in the pulpit to the idea of the character of Judas as pictured by Mr. Story.

The re-public on of the poem revives interest in the theory that the motives of Judas were as pure as those of the other

Judas were as pure as those of the other Disciples of Christ, and that Paul and others, misunderstanding his motives, have misrepresented him, and called down on the head of a "rash and visionary man whose faith was firm" the hatred of all Christians.

The theory is not new; but Mr. Story's

The theory is not new; but Mr. Story's draugatic treatment of the speculative and mystical is always attractive, and in its case it makes a vivid picture more acceptable than would the argument covering the same ground.

A Roman lawyer in Jerusalem writes

acceptable than would the argument covering the same ground.

A koman lawyer in Jerusalem writes to hiz best friend in Rome, and tells the story of Judas, as related by Lysias, the centurion, long after the crucifixion, and after the death of Pilate and other actors in the memorable scenes. 'Lysias speaks as a Roman soldier and an unbeliever, and one who knew John, James, Peter, "and Judas," best of all. Judas is described as the only man that followed Christ who thought that He was God; as "one in whom he hiaster's words took root and grew and flowered." Judas, as the story ir Ad, believed that Christ was the King of Kings, and he longed for the day when his Master should reveal himself as the living God. After dwelling on this controlling thought in the mind of Judas, Lysias proceeds to tell the story of the betrayal:

Such was his thought when at the passover The Lord with His disciples met and supped;

And Christus saw the trouble in his mind, And said, "Behold, among you here is one That shall betray me—he to whom I give This sop," and He the sop to Judas gave: And added, "That thou doest quickly do:" And Judas left Him, hearing these last

words, "Now shall the Son of Man be Glorified." Ah, yes! his Master had divined his thought; His Master should be glorified through him. Straight unto me and the high priest he

came, Filled with this hope, and said, "Behold me

here,
Judas, a follower of Christus!—Come!
I will point out my bfaster whom you
seek!
And out at once they sent me with my
band;
And, as we went, I said, rebuking him,
"How, Judas, is it you who the; betray
The Lord and Master whom you love, to
death?"

And smiling.

And similing. Do not not;

Do your duty; take no heed of me."
"Is not this vile?" Isaid; "I had not deemed such baseness in you." "Though it seem so now."

Bill smiling, he replied, "wait till the end."
Then turning round, as to himself he said, "Now come the hour that I have prayed to

"Is this pran mad?" I thought, and looked at him,
And, in the darkness creeping swiftly on,
His face was glowing, almost shone with light;
And rapt as if in visionary thought
He walked beside me, gasing at the sky. Passing at last beyond the Cedron brook, We reached a garden on whose open gate Dark vines were locally swinging. Here we

A moment, and with rapid, nervous step Judas alone advanced, and, as he reached The tallest figure, lifted quick his head; And crying, "Master! Master!" kissed his cheek.

Malchus was at my side, when suddenly A sword firshed out from among them there, And sheared his ear. At once our sword flashed out.

But Christus, lifting up His hand, said, "Peace."

"In the law's name." He nothing said, but reached His arms out, and we bound his hands with cords.

This done, I turned, but all the rest had

My men I ordered then to take and bear Their prisoner to the city; and at once They moved away. I, seeing rot our guide, Oried, "Judas!"—but no answer; then a

groan
So sad and deep it startled me. I turned,
And there, against the wall, with ghast And eyeballs starting in a frenzied glare,
As in a fit, lay Jr las; his weak arms
Hung lifeless down, his mouth half ope
twitched,

His hands were clutched and clenched into And now and then his breast heaved with a gasp. Frightened, I dashed some water in his face, Spoke to him, lifted him, and rubbed his

spoke to him, lifted him, and rubbed his hands.
At last the sense came back into his eyes,
Then with a sudden spasm fled again,
And to the ground he dropped. I searched him o'er,
Fearing some mortal wound, yet none I found.

found.
Then, with a gasp, again the life returned
And stayed, but still with strong convulsion
twitched.
"Speak, Judas, speak!" I cried. "What
does this mean?" No answer. "Speak, man!" Then at last

No answer. "Speak, man!" Then at last he groaned:
"Go, leave me! leave me, Lysias. O, my God,
What have I done? O, Christus! Master,
Lord,
Forgive me, oh, forgive me!" Then a cry
Of agony that pierced me to the heart,
As, groveling on the ground, he turned away And hid his face, and shuddered in his

cried "What means this, Judas? Be a man and spoke.

I thought that he had fainted, till at last Sudden he turned, and grasped my arm an

Sudden he turned, and grasped my arm and cried,
"Say, Lysias, is this true, or am I mad!"
"What true!" I said. "True that you seized the Lord!
You could not seize Him—He is the God the Lord! I thought I saw you seize Him. Yet Iknow That was impossible, for He is God!
And yet you live—you live. He spared you, then.
Where am I? What has happened? A black cloud Came o'er me when you laid your hands on Him.

Where are they all? Where is He? Lysias, speak!"

After describing how Judas fell in a fit and was carried away, and relating how Peter denied his Lord, the Centu-

That night I saw not Judas. The next day Ghastly, clay white, a shadew of a man, With robes all soiled and torn, and tangled beard,

Came feebly staggering; scarce should I have known Twas Judas, with that haggard, blasted

face; So had the night's great horror altered him. As one all blindly walking in a dream He to the table came—against it leaned—Glared wildly round awhile—then stretching forth

From his torn robes a trembling hand flung down

down,
As if a snake had stung him, a small purse,
That broke and scattered its small white
coins about,
And, with a shrill voice, cried, "Take back

the purse! Twas not for that fond dross I did the deedthat!
But that I did believe He was the Lord;
And that He is the Lord I still believe.
But oh! the sin! the sin! I have betrayed
The innocent blood, and I am lost! am

So crying, round his face his robes he threw, And blindly rushed away; and we, aghast, Looked round—and no one for a moment spoke."

Then comes a startling picture of the finding of the body of Judas hanging in a tree, and the story of the old Centurion gives place to the reflections of the Roman law, er, who, comparing the accounts of "John and Peter and the rest,"

Was a rash and visions y man, Whose faith wes firm, v.ho had no thought of crime, But whom a terrible mistage drove mad.

Accepting the views of John and James, the lawyer is troubled, but taking the view that Lysias takes,

All is at once consistent, clear, complete. Firm in the faith that Christus was his God, The great Messiah sent to save the world, He, seeking for a sign—not for himself, But to show proof to all that He was God—Conceived this plan, rash if you will, but grand.

"Thinking Him man," hesaid, "mere mortal was tal man, They seek to seise Him. I will make pre-tense

tense To take the public bribe and point Him out And they shall go, all armed with swords Strong with the power of law, to seize on

And at their touch He, God Himself, shall Raycaled before them, and their swords shall dron.

And prostrate all before Him shall adore,
And cry, "Behold the Lord and King

all!"
But when the soldiers laid their hands or Him, And bound Him as they would a priso death—
He all the while submitting—then his dream
Burst into fragments with a crash; aghast
The whole truth recled before him: the
dread truth
Swooped like a sea upon him, bearing down
His thoughts in wild confusion. He who

dreamed To open the gates of glory to his Lord, Opened in their stead the prison's jarring

This is the view of Judas presented in Mr. Story's poem. The purpose of this article is not to canvass the correctness of the view, but simply to give the spirit

- Blondes are out of fashion in Paris, and dark branettes are the rage.

"THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG." An Interesting Account of Its Origin.

That the air and words of this stirring song were composed in an hour by its brilliant young author, is known to but few; the story of its origin has never been written.

been written.

In January, 1861, I was in attendance as a looker-on at the Mississippi State Convention, which passed the ordinance of secession. In the latter days of the preceding December, South Carolina had initiated the revolution by "going out of the Union." Mississippi was the next to follow suit. When her convention met at Jackson the first week in January, I'a. W. S. Barry was chosen president on that body, which numbered such men as Hon. Walker Brooke, General J. Z. George, Hon. J. L. Alcorn, Wiley P. Harris, and others well-known to fame as members. I recall the deep solemnity

Harris, and others well-known to fame as members. I recall the deep solemnity which characterized the proceedings of that splendid body of gallant spirits. They did not rush like madmen, as many suppose, into the whirlpool of secession—on the other hand, the deliberations were calm, statesmanlike, manly and dignified, indicating that from their sister States they parted company more in sorrow than in anger. Quite a number of the members had been elected as Union men or co-operatiste, instructed to counsel a waiting for the "over act;" the southern states meautime, to enter into a southern states meantime, to enter into a defensive league with one another, ready to resist the first open attack by the fedto resist the first open attack by the federal government upon the peculiar institution. The majority, however, looked upon this scheme as utterly impracticable—for, they argued, there will be no open trespass upon our rights; abolitionism will work by slow, insidious agencies, and, before we dream of such a result, we shall be bound hand and foot. A more dignified, able, pariotic deliberative and earnest investigation of a great question was never, for a number of days, more gravely debated. It was a bitter trial to men whose fathers, like themselves, had followded the starry banner under a new and untried standard; it was hard to part company with those

under a new and untried standard; it was hard to part company with those splendid memories which had become the best portion of our country's proud history; and when, finally, just as twilight fell over the state house on the evening of January 9th, 1861, and the president of the Convention, the vote having been announced, rose, and slowly unfurled the little blue flag with its single, red Star in the centre, and proclaimed that Mississippi had "dissolved the political bonds which had connected her" with the Union of our fathers; atrong men bowed their heads and wept. I shall never cease to recall this, the most solemnly impressive scene I have ever

But I have been led away by these memories from the object of my sketch,

"BONNIE BLUE FLAG."

During the last few days of the convention, Harry McCarthy, supported by a young lady, who accompanied him in his original and selected songs, was giving a variety of entertainments at Angelo's Hall, in that city, consisting of songs, serious and comic, dancing, instrumental music, etc. On the afternoon of the 9th of January, Judge Wiley P. Harris, late Chief Justice, and one of the soundest lawyers living, met the gifted young Irishman on the street, and remarked:

"Mac, the convention will adopt the ordinance of secession sometime this afternoon, and you will have a large audience this evening. Permit me to offer a suggestion: Why can you not compose a song pertinent to the occasion? Give us a Latriotic song—one which shall, "BONNIE BLUE FLAG."

tional air—something soul stirring and patriotic, that may become as immortal as the ordinance itself."

Young McCarthy caught the idea at once, retired to his room, and in three or four hours was singing, for the first time in public, the "Bonnie Blue Flag," to a house crowded to its utmost capacity. And not once, or twice, or thrice only, did he sing the new song that night; but he was encored again and agair, twelve hoarse from singing and the audience almost exhausted from applauding. The scene was one, which literally, must have been seen to have been appreci-

The "dollar of the daddies" was the The "dollar of the daddies" was the currency at that time, and the audience absolutely showered gold and silver over the stage. I recall one gentleman who was seated about the centre of the Sall, near a supporting column, and who had evidently taken on a little extra patriotism beforehand—whose agility, under the excitement of the hour, was equal to the supremest test. Wrapping his arms and legs about the pillar, he climbed up until his head struck the ceiling.

The accompaniment on the piano was well executed, and whilst singing, McCarthy promenaded the stage back and forth waving his flag. One verse especially when first delivered came near "bringing down the honse" literally:

'bringing down the house" literally :

"So long as the Union
Was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers,
We were kind—we were just!
But when northern treachery
Attempts our rights to mar,
We'll hoist on high the Bonnie Blue
Fig.

Flag, That bears a single star!" From that hour there was nothing but the Bonnie Sine Flag in Southern air. As the visitors to Jackson returned home, north east, south and west, they spread it every where. The rigid critic of the words, in the light of this hour, may not feel their full force "we experienced it then, but, surely, the "Marsellies Hymn" could not have been originally more waterly account than was our simple little. "Bonnie Blue Flag" and of which one of the first lawyers in the south was the immediate inspiration.

THE CHUFA FAILURZ.—The Wilmington (N. C.) Review says: "Spanish chufa is a failure. At least so it is pronounced by meny who has given it what they consider a fair 'est. Some of the Pender county farmers who have tried it theroughly for two seasons past tell us that they have planted the last of it. They say that it not only does not make good meat, but that it draws from the ground where it is planted every particle of life and sustenance, leaving an almost barren waste where was once fruitful fields. It is true that hogs take to it kindly, but the fat of the meat raised on it is so soft that pork, as such, is almost kindly, but the fat of the meat raised on it is so soft that pork, as such, is almost unsaleable, and the meat after being cured will continue to drip as long as there is any grease left in it. One instance is related of a farmer who fed with it very extensively last rear, and who has never yet been able to get the lard into anything but a liquid State. He galls, it, very properly, hog oil. There will be very little Spanish chufa plante! in this section next year."

An Electric Spring.

The Nashville Banner tells of a wonyear 1818. Under this old mill is the most wonderful spring of which the world has ever heard. Among the inhabitants it is known as the "Devil's Spring." Few people, other than those living in the immediate neighborhood, know of its existence, and they rarely visit it, from the fact that it is believed to exert a powerful and evil influence over all who are rash enough to venture sufficiently near its confines to allow a single drop of the bubbling, boiling fluid to fall on them or their garments.

is connines to allow a single drop of the bubbling, boiling fluid to fall on them or their garments.

The spring is described as boiling up from the center of a solid rock, its shape being very like that of a bushel measure and about as large. The sides of this basin or hole are perfectly smooth, having the appearance of having been polished by the hand of man. Its depth is not known. The people who reside in the immediate vicinity say it is without bottom. How this may be we are not prepared to state, but true it is that an iron wedge and 300 feet of cord failed to reach it. The water is of a dark blue color, and boils up with great force—so great that it spouts up several inches above its proper confines. And not only does it boil up with immense force, but it whirls around with tremendous velocity, something after the fashion of a whirl-wind.

something after the fashion of a whirlwind.

The gentleman who describes it says
that he dipped an ordinary tin dipper
into the spring for the purpose of procuring some of the water for a closer examination of its qualities, and that the
moment the dipper touched the water it
was wrenched from his grasp as though
it had been struck from his hand by a
stroke of lightning, and indeed, he states,
that his arm felt very much as if it had
been suddenly paralyzed. In endeavoring to regain the dipper, which did not
sink more than six inches below the surface, but which kept whirling round and
round so fast that it was almost impossible to see it, he placed his hand into the
water. He says that the sensations he
experienced at the instant his fingers
touched the water were singularly
strange, causing him to think that thousands of needles had pierced his body at
one time. But he didn't succeed in getting the dipper out. He tried time and
again to wrench if from its fastenings,
but the greedy water: seemed loth to give
up their strange captive, to which they
clung with more than vise-like grasp.
Giving up all hope of rescuing the dipper with his hands, the gentleman bethought himself of an empty flask which
he carried in his companion. With this
he again attempted to lift some water
from the spring, and was rewarded with
success, not, however, without considerable effort, for it required his entire
strength to prevent the angry waters from
snatching the flask from his hands.—
Pouring a single drop of the strange fluid
in the palm of his hand he examined it
minutely with a magnifying glass with
the most satisfactory results. He states
that the drop of water closely resembled
a flake of snow viewed with the same instrument.

He examined several other drops, and
strange to say, each presented a

strument.

He examined several other drops, and strange to say, each presented a marked difference in appearance. The first assumed the shape of a star, the second that of a crescent, the third that of a dagger, the fourth a comet, and so on. After concluding his examination, the gentleman resolved to further test the water by tasting it. Letting a single drop fall on his tongue, he was surprised and delighted to find that it sparkled like the best brand of imported champagne. He then concluded to swallow a portion, which he did with the most delightful effect. He says the means the water which he did with the most delightful effect. He says the moment the water began descending his throat he enjoyed the most pleasant sensation of his life. It seemed, indeed, as if he were truly sip-ping the nectar of the gods. The draught seemed to divide itself into a million seate the moment it resed his throat a

parts the moment it passed his throat, a portion passing with the speed of lightning along every vein of his body.

Owing to the peculiar effects which the water has on the human system, the gentleman before leaving the place, christened the spot "The Electric Spring." He claims that this name is peculiarly appropriate, for there is no doubt but that the water is heavily obayed with electricity. He will esdeaver next summer to form a company for the purpose of merging the place into a summer resort, as it is believed that the waters of the spring will cure any and all ills that flesh is heir to.

SOME MISTARE AS TO CAROLINA There is a threatened split in the Democratic party in South Carolina, and it is intimated that Wade Hampton will have to step down from the Senate and run for Governor again in order to keep the old thing from going to pieces—Baltimore Gosette.

Gazette.
The Gazette manages to make more than one mistake in a paragraph of less than six lines. If there is a threatened split it, the Democratic party of South Carolina no one is aware of the fact except the able editor of the Gazette. There is nothing to cause a split among our friends across the Savannah. There are gentlemen of character, ability and undoubted Deof character, ability and undoubted De-mocracy who desire the nomination for Governor. Their friends are striving to gratify their wishes. The same things are true of every State in the Union where an election is to be held next year Rut when the Domoratic Con-vention of South Carolina ends the strug-cle by naming the namines the friends of yention of south Carolina ends the strug-gle by naming the nominee, the friends of the other aspirants will cheerfully abide the decision and loyally support the can-didate of the party. There is not the alightest probability that General Han p-ton will resign his seat in the Senate in

ton will resign his seat in the Senate in order to run for Governor, nor is there any necessity for such action on his part. There is no danger of the Democratic party of South Carolina soing to pieces. The people of that State have had eight years of Radical rule and they have not so soon forgotten what Radical rule means. General Hampton is deservedly popular and influential in the State, but neither General Hampton nor any other man is South Carolina. The State is not so poor in intellect and integrity man is South Carolina. The State is not so poor in intellect and integrity that she can produce but one great citizen at a time. The people fove and respect their standard bearer of 1876, but if there had been no such man as Hampton South Carolina would be a free commonwealth to-day; and if he were to die to-morrow (which God forbid) the State would not lack noble sons to take their great leader's place.

— A man digging a well in Navarro County, Texas, found a coffin and some bones at the depth of seventy-six feet. The coffin was put together with copper desired and adults. Only 25 cents a botcan calculate the misery and suffering a child has to endure who is infested with worms? - Shriner's Indian Vermifue will

A Coffee-Field in Brazil.

Prom a very full account of the Bratilian Coffee Industry in Scribner for December, we take this description of the field-work, written from personal observation by Herbert H. Smith:

In Southern Brazil, a coffee-field seldom lasts more than thirty years. The plantations are made on the fertile hill-sides, where the forest has been growing thick and strong. But the soil here is never deep—six or eight inches of mold at the utmost. In the tropics there are no long winters with mats of dead vegetable matter rottir; under the snow. The leaves fall singly, rad dry up until they break into dust; logs and decaying branches in the shady woods are carried away by white ants and beetles; hence the mold bed increases very slowly; in twenty-five or thirty years, the strong growing coffee-trees eat it all up. Most planters simply cut down the forest and leave the trees to dry in the sun for six or eight weeks, when they are burned. S—, more provident, lets the logs rot where "Ley lie, which they do in a year or two; in the open sunlight they are saved from insects and the ground receives a large accession to its strength.

Back of the house there are two yards or small fields, four acres, perhaps, together. The ground is covered with earthen pots set close together, only leaving little pathways at intervals. Each of the two hundred thousand pots contains a thriving young coffee-plant. The ground forms a gentle slope, and water is constantly running over it, so that it is always soaked. The pots, through orifices at the bottoms, draw up enough of this water to keep the roots moistened. The young plants are protected from the sun by mat screens stretched on poles above the ground.

This is a costly system. Most of the planters take root shoots at random from the old fields and set them at once, into unprepared ground. Sr. S—'s experiment has cost him probably \$20,000; the pots alone coat \$11,000. But he will make at least \$50,000 by the operation. In the first place, he gains a good year in the start that he gives to these y

day or two the plant is growing as well as ever.

The nurslings come from selected seed of half a dozen varieties. Sr. S—has them planted at first in small pots, A dozen slaves are engaged transplanting the six-inch high shoots to larger pots. Little tired-looking children carry them about on their shoulders, working on as steadily as the old ones, for they are well trained. Sr. S—wants to make his plants last fifty years, so he is careful and tender with them. The little blacks will be free in 1892, so his policy is to get as much work as possible from them while he can.

The plants are set in rows, about ten feet apart. They grow, and thrive, and

sunshine caresses the leaves; generous rains feed the tender roots; the ground is kept free from intruding weeds and bushes, and the planter writs for his harvest. After four years, the trees are six feet high and begin to bear. By the sixth year, the crops are very large—three or even four pounds per tree at times. Meanwhile, corn and mandica are planted between the rows. Often in

are planted between the rows. Often in a new plantation the expenses are nearly covered by these subsidiary crops.

In this month of November only a few of the siaves are in the new fields.—

November is the principal gathering month and almost the whole force month. onth, and almost the whole force must be at work in the bearing orchards. From sunrise to sunset, women and chil-dren are gathering the berries in baskets. working silently and steadily under the working sitently and steadily under the overseer's oye. Every day each slave gathers of the average berries enough to produce fifty pounds of dried coffee. The pickings are collected in carts and brought to the mill house, where the seeds must be prepared for the market.

John Ruskin's Advice.

See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better crea-ture; and in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and write down as minute a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at: so always have two mirrors on your toilet-table, and see that with proper care you dress your body and mind before them daily.

A woman must be a pleasant creature. Be sure that people like the room better with you in it than out of it; and take all pains to get the power of sympathy and the habit of it.

You fancy that you are sorry for the

and the habit of it.

You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now, I tell you just this: that if 'be usual course of war, instead of unrooling peasants' houses, and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week.

Can you cook plain meats and dishes conomically and savorly! If not make it your business to learn, as you find opportanity. When you can, advise and personally help any poor woman within your reach who will be glad of help in that matter; always avoiding impertinance or discourtery of interference. Acquaint yourself with the poor, not as their patroness, but as their friend. If then you can modestly recommend a little more water in the pot, or half an hour's more boiling, or a dainty bone they did not know of, you will have been useful indeed.

Early rising, on all grounds, is for yourself indispensable. You make a savork by the latest at six in Summer and seven in Winter. Every day do a little of housemaid's work in your own house, thoroughly, so as to be a pattern of perfection in that kind. Your actual housemaid will then follow your lead, it there's

rection in that kind. Your actual house-runid will then follow your lead, it there's an atom of woman's spirit in here—(if not, ask your mother to get another.)

It is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary.

Do you not feel that marriage—when

it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into etarnal love?

Girls shoulds be like deisies; nice and Girls shoulds be like dessies; nice and white, with and edge of rid, if you look close; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be very wrong if they didn't do it.—Extracts from Letters to Young Ladica.

The Nashville Banner tells of a wonderful natural curiosity in Tennessee, as follows: The beautiful Buffalo Valley—the mountaineer's paradise, and one of the most romantic spots in Tennessee—lies along the eastern bank of that lovely mountain stream, the Caney Fork. Three or four miles from the mouth of this valley stands an old water mill, whose huge iron-bound wheel, it is said, performed its last revolution somewhere about the year 18i8. Under this old mill is the most wonderful spring of which the world has ever heard. A mong the inhabitants it is known as the "Devil's Spring." Few people, other than those living in the immediate neighborhood, know of its existence, and they rarely visit it, from the fact that it is believed to exert a powerful and evil influence over all who are rash enough to venture sufficiently near its confines to allow a single drop of the fled work, written from personal observation of the field-work, written from personal observation by Herbert H. Smith:

In Southern Brazil, a coffee-field selection by Herbert H. Smith:

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A list of the Utes charged by the agency women with taking part in the massacre was then read and the question put by General Hatch, "Will you surrender the men whose names are in this paper to be tried, and if guilty punished, and if innocent acquitted?" The question was put twice, and after consultation evasive answers were returned both times. When the question was repeated the third time, Onray replied, "How do we know the Indians you name were in the White River massacre? We cannot depend upon what the women say."

"That is what we depend on," said

General Hatch.

General Adams then addressed the In-General Adams then addressed the Indians, making a speech of over an hour's duration, saying, among other things, that the Commissioners did not want to punish Colorow, Jack and others who took part in the Thornburgh fight, but the cowardly dogs who paticipated in the massacre of unarmed men at the agency, closing by saying, "we want those Utes and will have them."

The Indians had a consultation in a low tone among themselves, but did not

The Indians had a consultation in a low tone among themselves, but did not seem inclined to reply at all.

When General Hatch again rose and asked if the guilty Indians were to be surrendered, he said he had made his last appeal. No one moved or spoke for a few moments, when Colorow lit his "big pipe of peace." Each Indian present then drew his 'nife and laid it on his knee, the question of peace or war being the one pending. Colorow then passed his pipe to the next man without smoking, and it went around the circle. When the circle was finished, he jumped to his feet, straighened himself to full height, pulled his belt around until his knife sheath was in front, and snatching his knife out, threw it quivering and ringing upon the floor. Instantly every Indian present laid his hand upon his knife or pistol, the whites following their example.

"The Colorado people," he said, "are our enemies, and to give up to be tried in this State would be to surrender them to a mob who would hang them. We will bring those twelve men here for you to see and then those whom you decide guilty shall be taken to Washington. The President shall determine their guilt or innocence."

The chief spoke with great arrogance

innocence."

The chief spoke with great arrogance and boldness. Ouray added that it would requre about a week to bring the men in. General Hatch told him he accepted the proposition as far as bringing the men in was concerned, but as to taking them to Washington he would have first to telegraph General Schurz to get permission.

permission. Colorow and Jack were immediately dispatchod to bring in the twelve named, including Douglas and Persun. They said they would return in five days. After they had gone Ouray again spoke, reiterating his statement that they could not be trutted in Colored and sould only ating his statement that they could not get justice in Colorado and could only get it in Washington. "You, there," said Oursy, meaning General Hatch and Adams and their legal adviser, Volois, "are my enemies. I am one against three. You hate me. You are a. Colorado or New Mexico men and a French devil. I have not one friend among you. You would not give me justice, and that is why I want to go to Washington, where I can have at least one friend."

friend."
Final, Juray spoke, saying, in substance, that they would deliver up the Indians named only on condition that they should be tried in Washington.
The two parties stood fronting and defying each other for some moments, each waiting for the other to make a forward move. There were but six whitamen in the room, while the Indians numbered twenty-five, though there were fifteen soldiers in an adjoining room.

A streamlet started forth from a spring in the side of a mountain, and, after an infancy of gay leaps in bright cascades, spread out into a more quiet and steady movement. It began then to dream and meditate on the object for which it existed. While in this grave mood a Will-of-wisp darted out and danced over its wa-

"Ah," cried the streamlet, "this is a heavenly light sent 'o tell me what I wish to know, and to guide my course."
But the Will-o-wisp soon flitted away, and vanished, leaving the streamlet more perplexed than before. Its first creed was gone. Then a rosy cloud floated in the sky and mirrored itself in the bosom of the stream.

But a wind ruffled the water, and the tinted cloud was mirrored no more; and when the streamlet became still again the rosy cloud had passed from the sky. Then a water lily expanded on its waters.
"Behold!" said the streamlet: "to

nourish this beauty is the end and aim of my life."

But the lily presently folded up and perished. The atreamlet moved on. Presently it came to a spot where men had thrown hard stones in its way, obstructed its course, turned it aside through a narraw channel and forced it

The moon waned. But the stars came out, and the ripple caught them as bright marvels; they hinted leeper, steadler giories yet to be revealed. Hut the stars

have conspired with the sun to ripen the harvest, and when matured, you have helped to turn it into bread. Not for helped to turn it into bread. Not for one of these joys and uses were you made but for all! So may the stream of life run on, with varied happiness and helpfulness, not anxious about the un-known sea to which thou and I, fair

As the streamlet listened, all the begu-ties it had known shone out again, and they all clustered—dancing light, rosy cloud, golden moon and serane staro— around the sorrow it had encountered, the obstruction which had ground grain for man; for that transfigured in the poet's song, seemed the happlest experi-ence of all.—MONGURE. D. CONWAY, St. Nicholas for October.

A Russian Legend.

There was once a young Russian princes alone can be. He made nothing of insulting and abusing any one; he would ruthlessly lead the chase across the fields of young corn which were the peasants' only hope of subsistence, and made nothing of trampling down women, feeble old men, or children, if they were in his way.

men, or children, if they were in his way.

On one occasion, being more than half intoxicated, he saw a beautiful child playing in the road before the door of a peasant's hut and rode deliborately over it, and when its mother, with frantic cries, rushed forth and lifted it from the ground, it was quite dead. The poor woman's grief was so great, the dead child was so beautiful, and the wrath of those who witnessed the scene was so inthose who witnessed the scene was so in-tense, that even the cruel prince could not be quite indifferent to what he had

done.

Having watched the woman for awhile he drew his purse from a pocket and approached her.

"Here," said he, dropping it into her there, "here is money enough to make you

"Here," said he, dropping it into her lap, "here is money enough to make you rich amongst other peasants. Donbtless you have more children, or will have. They are always plenty, one more or less, what does it matter? See now, you are rich, stop crying."

But as he spoke the woman lifted the purse in her hand and flung it in his face.

purse in her hand and flung it in his face.

"Take back your blood money," she said. "My child was worth more to me than all the gold in Russia. But listen, insolent prince. A poor peasant woman can do no harm, but she can see the harm that is coming. My mother was a wise woman. I also can see into eternity. The horse that has been the death of my darling will be the cause of yoursere long. Yes, he will rid the world of you, thank heaven. It is written. I read it. Go and leave me with my dead."

As the woman spoke the prince turned.

strictly obeyed. The favorite steed went into a sort of royal exile, and the prince used to ride other horses, when he trampled down other peasant's corn.

People remembered the prophecy, however, and many accretly hoped for its fulfilment. The unhappy mother had the reputation for a sort of second sight, believed in by those of her nation.

"However, time passed on. A year went by—two—three—four. The fifth came. During all this time the prince had heard no tidings of his banished favorite. At least he inquired about him, and heard that he had been dead for a long time. Laziness and over feeding had killed him.

"So," cried the prince, "he will not be my death at last! A dead horse can kill nobody."

And then, as though the creature were

And then, as though the creature were an enemy who had been thwarted in some evil intent, the desire to see his dead body and triumph over it, seized upon its master.
Attended by a great train, he set on for the place where the horse had lived and died. The remains had been laid, with respect, in a sort of tomb built for

"Let me see them," cried the prince. His word was law. The tomb was opened. Only a skeleton of the poor beast remained, but beside this the prince stood with an absurd look of triumph

upon his countenance.

"So"! cried he. "You were to be my death, were you?" Ah, ah! you cannot run away with me now, nor throw me. See how quietly you allow me to kick you!"

you l? As he spoke he bestowed upon the skull of the dead animal a disdainful kick. But, on the instant, his laughter turned to a cry of anguish, and his couriers saw him writhing on the ground in agony; close about his legs was twisted a black and hideous object with fierce eyes and darting head. It was a renomous serpent which had colled itself within the hollow of the dead horse, and which the kick the prince had given aroused to wrath.

which the kick the prince had given aroused to wrath.

The sting proved deadly. In a few hours the prince was dead. They bore him home to be buried in the temb of his father. No one grieved for him; and at her door stood the peasant whose prophecy had been fulfilled. Other children now play at her knee, but she has not forgotten her murdered little one.

structed its course, turned it aside through a narraw channel and forced it to rush in a confused, perilous way over a wheel.

"Alas" cried the streamlet; "is it then for this agony I was born?"

But after some wild eplashes the streamlet found itself at peace again, and went on widening. And now a glorious moon came out and showered gold all over it.

"How wealthy I am!" cried the streamlet.

The moon waned. But the stars came out, and the ripple caught them as bright marvels; they hint a leeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars came out, and the ripple caught them as bright marvels; they hint a leeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars came out, and the ripple caught them as bright marvels; they hint a leeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars came out, and the ripple caught them as bright marvels; they hint a leeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars came out, and the ripple caught them as bright marvels; they hint a leeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars came out, and the ripple caught them as bright marvels; they hint a leeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars came out, and the ripple caught them as bright marvels; they hint a leeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars came out, and the ripple caught them as bright marvels; they hint a leeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars came out, and the ripple caught them as bright income off casy enough and leave no mark." So when men speak acil of as falsely—throw mud at us—don't be in a harry about brushing it off. Too groy-t eager-ness to rib it dry; by and by, if need be, a little effort will remove it. Don't feater scandal about yourself or others, or trouble in a society, or in a church, haste to do comelling. Let it dry; by and by, if need be, a little effort will remove it. Don't feater scandal about yourself or others, or trouble in a society, or in a church, haste to do comelling. close; making the ground bright whereever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do
it, and that it would be very wrong if
they didn't do it.—Extracts from Letters
to Young Ladies.

Lovers of honey will be gratified to
learn that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a
much awester article in winter and much
batter for a cough.

At length a poet reclined on its bank and sank and sang to it.

"Sweet streamlet! What a bright life of there, or trouble in a society, or in a course, hasto to do something. Let it dry; it will be more easily eradicated than you think in the first heat of excitement. Time has a wonderful power in such matters. Your many things in
this world will be ceally got over by judictionally, letting them dry?—Assertions

At length a poet reclined on its bank and sank and sang to it.

Don't fester scandal about yourself or others, or trouble in a society, or in a course, what it is you have nourished, what
it lies you have nourished, what
stars have risen to tell you their secrets
in such matters. Your many things in
this world will be ceally got over by judictionary, letting them dry?—Assertions.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY. - Over fifty new firms have com-menced business in Atlanta, Ga., this

menced business in Atlanta, Ga., this year.

— The market at Jacksonville, Fla., is supplied with green peas, okra and encumbers.

— A negro man in a Scottaboro (Ala.) drug store bit a ten-penny nail in two for a nickel and some candy.

— It is a good thing to make a sacrifice for a friend, and it is also a good thing to conceal the effort made in making the sacrifice.

— "So code my tail," as the bee said to the boy, at the same time giving him a practical illustration of how he conducted business.

— Mrs. Lincoln writes that she expects to be at Washington the coming winter, but it is stated that her son Robert, now in Chicago, will not peamif it on account of the shock it would be to her mental health, which is still none of the strongest.

account of the shock it would be to her mental health, which is still none of the strongest.

— An Trish clergyman's daughter, aged 12, said to her father that a certain consequential person was "a baste." Sharp varental reproof being promptly administered, miss retorted that papa had used that very expression himself in last Sunday's service. "Corvinly not," said the reveranced papa, with much emphasis "Oh, but you did," persisted miss. "I heard you say that 'he that exalteth himself shall be a baste."

— Generel Gordon, of Georgia, was asked by a correspondent if he cour saw the bayonet used in the war. He replied that he only saw one man killed by a bayonet in battle, and that was at the night attack on Fort Stedman, when the sentinel bayoneted and assailant. At Gettysburg, when the advance of the two armies ran on each other, on the ist of July, he saw two opposing standard-bearers rapping each other over the head with their flag poles.

Charleston News and Courier. The following information is furnished us for publication: "Rev. D. K. Labar, formerly pastor of Zion Presbyterian Church in Calhoun street, has retired from the building with his numerous friends and supporters, who have already organized thesmaslyes into a separate religious body and invited him to the pastoral charge. The church is of the Presbyterian order, strictly conservative, to be presided over by a pastor, elders and deacour, all chos-

dead."

As the woman spoke the prince turned pale. He was very superstitious, and the belief in propecy was strong in those days. Without making answer he rode away. His followers at his bidding scattered the crowd, who at once changed their curses to cheers, and the brokenhearted woman was left alone.

As for the prince, he rode home as fast as he could, and so great was the impression made by the words the poor peasant mother had uttered, that he at once ordered the horse, a great favorite, of which he had been fonder than he ever was of any living being, to be sent away to a distant portion of the country. The animal was to be cared for a though it were a human being; a Louse was to be built for him, and he was to be closely confined in it, if he, the prince, himself, ever visited their portion of the country. The animal was to be cared for a though it were a human being; a Louse was to be built for him, and he was to be closely confined in it, if he, the prince, himself, ever visited their portion of the country. Of course, these orders were strictly obeyed. The favorite steed went into a sort of royal exile, and the prince used to ride other horses, when he tram-

alight relief to know that 15,000,000 gallons or so were sent across the seas to fire the brains and gnaw the stornscha of the effete despots and their subjects; but, even with this deduction, there was left on hand the enormous quantity of 58,803,000 and their subjects; but, even with this deduction, there was left on hand the enormous quantity of 58,803,000 and their subjects; but, even with this deduction, there was left on hand the enormous quantity of 58,803,000 and the season of a drink was ten cents—which, we are informed, is not the five which, we are informed, is not the five which, we are informed, is not the five which, we are informed, is not the five all colossal potation down the free and equal Affection throat will represent an expenditure of between \$341,000,000 and \$455,000,000, seconding to the size of the average bar drink. And the distilleries are still at work.

— As showing the durability of timber the fact is cited that the piles of a bridge built by Trajan were found, after having been driven some 1,600 years, to be petrified four inches. The rest of the wood being in its ordinary condition. The sim piles under the piecs of London bridge have been in use more than 700 years, and are not yet materially fenayed, and beneath the foundation of Savory place. London, oak, elm, beech, and chestant piles and planks were found in a state of perfect preservation, after having been there for 650 years. Again, while taking down the old walls of Tunbridge Oastle, Kent, England, there was found in the middle of a thick stone wall a timber curb which had been enclosed for 700 years; and some timber of an old bridge was discovered while digging for for 700 years; and some timber of an old bridge was discovered while digging for the foundations of a house at Windsor which must have been placed there prior to the year 1396.

RPTURNED EXODUSTERS.—A Missisppt correspondent of the Nashville American has this to say about the meagre few of the Kansas exodusters who have man-

has this to say about the meagre few of the Kausas exodusters who have managed to grawl decrepit and fortern to their old stamping ground on the Missaippi:

The returning few who have been able to get back from the "happy land" have had a wonderful effect in chilling the ardor of the prospective emigrant.—Their abject poverty, their rask and their pinched faces tell a far mane alcount. It is the negre more forcibly than their verdal accounts of suffering and want, of diseases and death, of famine and cold.

Some who a year ago left with full purses, good teams and all the necessary comforts, who left with buoyant hopes and joyons anticipations of the cosy cottage, the green pastures, the fertile fields and the abundant crops, with the beautiful prairic stretching away to the horizon with herds of buffalo, deer and antelopes in the distance, and all sorts of things to mrke up the picture like the cheap chromo, which delighted their eyes and fed to excess their imagination, have returned, broken in spirit and in fortune, having left their teams and hotzehold goods in strangers' hands having left some of their loved ones sleeping booesth the inhospitable sod of Kansas, glad, only too happy, to get back themestres to their annay Southern hore poorer in this world'u goods but riches far in experience.

- If a man waits too long for some-thing to turn up, it will be his toes.